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Northern Messenger

W Bronscombe 30 Sept 09

VOLUME XLIV. No. 8 MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 19, 1909. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'The "Northern Messenger" is a marvel for the price.'—Archibald Lee, Grenville, Que.

The Call of the Soul.

(The Rev. F. B. Meyer, M.A., in the 'Christian World.')

There is a time in every truly religious life when the traditional passes into the personal, and the soul awakes to appreciate the need of direct fellowship with God. That moment may come suddenly or gradually, as the result of a growth or of a direct divine interposition; but whenever it comes it is like a rebirth; old things pass away and all things become new.

God is eager to awaken each soul that He has made to this personal and direct fellowship with Himself, in which He may speak His profoundest thoughts, and have unhindered and direct access to the soul's most secret shrine. He is unwilling that we should be so dependent on the rites of a church, the institutions of a religious society, or the example and teaching of others. He is intensely desirous of accustoming us to deal with Himself, as though there were none else in the universe but Him and the Son Whom He desires to bring to glory.

An illustration of this occurs in the story of Samuel. We are all familiar with the fascinating description of his mother's sorrow and travail of heart, her prayers and tears, her solemn vow, her ecstacy of rapture as she pressed the child to her heart, and her solicitude to train him with her own motherly hand for the great life to which he was destined. Her song shows how familiar she was with the grand old Hebrew literature, with the noblest traditions of her people, and with the many chords that sound in all human lives. And as the child stood at her knee and drank in her words, what wonder that his young nature became inspired with something of her spirit. The little Levite coat, which she made for him year by year, was a visible embodiment of those habits and clothing of the inner life which she made for her rapt pupil, to whom she represented God and Truth and Duty.

But it is clear that both at that time and afterwards, when, as a growing lad, he was put under the care of Eli, his religious life was rather a reflection of the light that shone on their faces, than a fire which was kindled on his own inner altar. What his mother said about God was his highest conception of God. What Eli taught was his supreme code. He did not know God for himself; and when the accents of the Divine Voice fell on his ears, instead of an instant recognition they only excited a vague wonder.

All this required to be altered before Samuel could fulfil the high purpose of his being. He must be weaned from the breast of the human mother that he might feed on the bread of God. He must see the lights of childhood pale before the radiance of the coming day. Stars are well enough, when the gray dawn lingers on the hills, but they must make way for the sunrise, into whose opal and yellow they fade.

So it befell that God stood and called, 'Samuel, Samuel!' Probably there is no soul of man to which in some form or other, at some time or other, that call does not come. We must always believe that the work of Jesus is for the whole world; that the true Light lighteth every man who comes into the world; and that the swathing bands of God gird all men, even though they do not know Him. Every holy inspiration which visits the sons of men is a call from those lips that in the stillness of the shrine, as the light from the great lampstand was burning low on the margin of twilight, uttered in tones of flute like sweetness the name of Samuel.

Has that call come to you? The direct speech of God! The personal communication of the divine will! The breathing in of the unexpected and unconventional on the ordinary and commonplace! It comes not once nor twice. It lingers as though loath to take a negative. He stands at the door and knocks. The Lord stood and called. Oh, can you not recall moments when something within you suggested that you should be sweeter and tenderer to those near you, that you should abandon evil habits which clung to you, and arise to the new life which beckoned you, that you should enter into the life of prayer and fellowship? Have you hitherto refused, as though Samuel had hidden his head under his counterpane and sought to go back to sleep?

—'Children's Friend.'

In the Ice.

Not in miracles alone, but daily, God in nature, takes side with the right. Some years ago a ship captain, whose employees were ambitious to have their ship first out of Buffalo on the breaking up of ice in spring, started his vessel as soon as the harbor was cleared of ice, supposing that the wind would, as often before, carry the ice up the lake, break it up, and disperse it, and so prevent all trouble from it. But when the ship neared the upper end of the lake the captain found himself between two great fields of ice, that on the right extending to the Canada side; that on the left, slowly but surely moving down upon them. The ship was not prepared for an Arctic encounter like this, and how to escape from their perilous position was an anxious question. But two courses presented themselves. The first was to land on the ice, and so make their way to Canada shore. The mate volunteered the attempt. It was fraught with danger, but he succeeded in making the exploration, and in returning

safely to the ship, but only to report that the ice was entirely detached from the shore, and that escape in this direction was impossible. The second method was to reach the open channel between the ice fields in the ship's boats; but this idea was soon abandoned, for, at the rate the ice was moving before the wind, it was very certain the two fields would meet long before the boats could reach the open water, and, if caught, they would be crushed like eggshells. Under these circumstances, the captain called the passengers, and as many of the crew as could be spared from the deck, into the cabin, made a plain statement of their danger, and of his entire want of power to afford them relief, and though not a professing Christian, said, 'We are in the hands of God, if he does not interpose for us there is no help, no hope. If any of you know how to pray, I wish you would do so.' The mate, a Christian man, prayed earnestly, while every head was bowed in solemn anxiety. After the prayer, the captain and mate went on deck, and saw that, during that moment of prayer, the wind had changed, and now, instead of blowing the crushing ice-field upon them, it was blowing the ship slowly, but surely, through that open channel. In the presence of that strange fact, the captain and mate uncovered their heads, and the mate, looking aloft at the nearly naked yards, said, 'Shall I put some more canvas on her, captain? 'No,' said the captain, 'don't touch her, someone else is managing the ship.' And so the unseen hand did lead them to the open water, and to their desired haven in safety. In the words of Dr. Washington Gladden:

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
We know that the truth and right
Have the universe on their side.

—'Christian World.'

The Unsaid Part of Excuses.

Paul says sinners 'are without excuse.' Jesus tells us in the parable of the great supper that they 'all with one consent began to make excuse.' There seems to be but 'one consent' amongst excuse-makers now, as the same excuses are used to-day as in centuries gone by. But all excuse-makers leave much unsaid when they are striving to get out of serving God. If the whole truth were told by them, they would not appear in an enviable or commendable light. Are excuse-makers untruthful? Generally speaking, yes. In excuses 'more is meant than meets the ear;' and in the illustrations that follow what is really said is quoted, while all they should have said to be truthful is in parenthesis. The occasion of each excuse will be recognized. The following will serve as illustrations:

1. '"I never go out at night"' (except to balls, parties, theatres, clubs, concerts, sociables, weddings or something that will give me more pleasure than a Sunday night's service or a prayer-meeting).

2. '"I can't sing a note"' (except in the parlor and at concerts and entertainments of various sorts. At such places as these I sing very well).

3. '"I am too poor to give"' (unless it be to beautify my home, purchase some luxury or pleasure, or add in some way to creature comfort or that of my friends who do not need my handsome and expensive presents).

4. '"I do not have time"' (I need it all to myself. My social and business matters so take up my time, along with what I spend idly, that I have none left for church matters).

5. '"I was too sick"' (to go to church, but quite well enough to make a visit, receive company, go to the store or office or to the opera).

6. '"I didn't have anything to wear"' (but my nice dress, or suit, which I keep to receive company in or to wear out at teas and sociables, and of course I could not wear a party dress or full dress suit to church).

It is not hard to discover the free use of such excuses. All Christian workers come athwart such quite frequently, but the whole truth is rarely told when such excuses are rendered. John does not exactly call names, but he tells just what such people do. See I. John, 6.—Source Unknown.

How to Learn to Love.

What our love has cost us is the measure of our love. We love most those for whom we have done the most. A young American missionary in China recently made a tour through the field with the veteran Dr. Hunter Corbett, who has given almost fifty years of his life to the Chinese. Of Dr. Corbett, in one of the informal meetings of the trip, the younger man writes: 'He sat in the midst of a large and mixed audience of adults and children, like a patriarch, loved by every one alike, and loving them in return, as only a man can who has endured all that Dr. Corbett has borne for that people.' The secret of this veteran missionary's love for his parishioners is open to us all. And if our love has not costly self-sacrifice in it, let us not think that we have learned to love at all.—'S. S. Times.'

It is told of an atheist who was dying that he appeared very uncomfortable, very unhappy, and frightened. Another atheist who stood at his bedside said to him:

'Don't be afraid. Hold on, man, hold on to the last.'

The dying man said: 'That is what I want to do, but tell me what to hold on to?' —The 'Christian Intelligencer.'

Work in Labrador.

DR. HARE'S REPORT.

The short resumé of the summer's work at Harrington with which Dr. Hare opens his last report for the past season is soon swallowed up in the cry of the needs of the field. Dr. Hare is the voice of his people, and as he writes, it is evident he is one with them. Chief of the wants, however, is the want of a new launch. This is the prime necessity at present for Harrington, and it is for this that we are at present collecting. There is every reason to believe that if our readers do not drop below their present standard of generosity, this launch will be ready for the work next summer, and ready 'early,' as Dr. Hare's plea rings, in order that he may get 'a good summer's work out of it.'

What may be hoped from this larger launch is pleasant to think of, since Dr. Hare presents so encouraging a report, in 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers,' of the work throughout the summer, even under the present handicap of size and lack of duplicate parts.

The plea for clothing speaks for itself. There is plenty of time left in this winter season to produce bales of good, warm, serviceable clothing for the first shipment in May.

Harrington Hospital,
Sept. 1, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Ever since navigation opened I have been kept busy cruising up and down this rocky coast, and in the little launch we have covered fifteen hundred miles, and hope to do another thousand before we are numbered among the 'shut ins.' We were disappointed in not having a better boat, but we have done very well in spite of the many drawbacks inseparable from a boat of this kind. We have used the boat for all kinds of work; as a tug boat, towing logs for the wharf or helping out some fisherman who was becalmed; as a passenger boat, giving lifts to people going our way; as an ambulance, bringing patients to the hospital or taking home those who have been restored to health; and last but not least, I trust that she has been the 'Northern Messenger' of the glad tidings of the grand old story of God's love for lost mankind.

Isn't it splendid to really be of use to some one else, even if it is only to give a cup of cold water?

Oct. 13, 1908.

We have not had nearly enough clothing sent us this season to pay our debts. Last winter the people got out quite a lot of cord wood, as well as a number of logs, and they want to be paid for the most part by clothing. Our salt herring for the dogs' feed in the winter is paid in clothing also, and all up and down the coast people send hooked mats, or salt fish, or a tub of berries, or anything that we can use, and with it comes a request for a skirt or a few clothes for the baby. Of course they often forget to send size, age, or sex; but, after all, those are minor details! With navigation almost over for this season, we find ourselves in the unenviable position of not being able to pay our debts, and what makes it worse, these people were relying on getting all they wanted from us and did not order clothing by the traders. A year ago such a splendid lot was sent that we had an abundance, and even let Dr. Grenfell have some. This year I wrote Dr. Grenfell to let us have some, but he found it impossible to get here at all this autumn, so there we are.

There is a well-known old saw which advises against looking a gift horse in the mouth. Even at the risk of going contrary to such good advice, I must say a word about some of the clothing that we have received in former years. Quite a lot that has come to hand has been so old and worn, and so filthy, that we had to condemn it to the furnace. We could not offer it to anybody, much less could we ask any one to take it as part payment for work done. Of course we have to pay freight on the bales or barrels whether the clothing sent is useful or not. As the people all up and down the coast get to know more about us, they get to rely on us more, and in consequence of that our needs will grow, and we must bring these needs more and more before our good friends of Canada and the United States, in the hope that they will respond, and help us to seize the opportunities that come to us of making the lives of these poor fishermen and their wives and children more comfortable and happier.

The little launch, 'Northern Messenger,' has been kept busy on her errands of mercy, and so far she has travelled eighteen hundred and seventy miles, and late as it is we hope she will do almost four hundred miles more before she is hauled up. We have been terribly handicapped this summer in not having any tools with which to make small repairs to our engine. We really should have a post-drill and assortment of drills, anvil and set of taps and dies, then we would be independent of outside help. Of course, when Mr. Cushing left us he took all his tools with him, and we were left without anything to do with. The usefulness of the launch has been curtailed; but in spite of every drawback we have done good work with her. I hear that there is at least a prospect of having a more suitable boat for the work next season. I do hope we will get it early, and have a good summer's work out of it.

We have been busy in the hospital all summer, but many of our patients have left for their homes, being afraid of being caught here by the frost, and then they would have to remain until they could get back by komatik, which would be somewhere about the New Year. We still have several patients with us; one of them is an operation case. The man who runs the launch engine, and also drives the dogs, gave the anaesthetic for me, and we got along all right.

We are expecting the traders from Quebec soon now, then we will get some potatoes and cabbages that we have all been longing for.

Dr. Grenfell writes me that the little hospital at Forteau will be ready about Christmas, and that Sister Bailey will be there again. She did splendid work there last winter, and I am sure the people will be glad to have her back again.

H. MATHER HARE.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Thos. R. Newton, Fishburn, Alta., 30cts.; J. A. Windsor, Manfred, Alta., $2.00; H. J. MacLeod, High River, Alta., $1.05; Chas. E. Chantler, Stroud, Ont., $5.00; M. J. Burge and family, Seamo, Man., $2.00; W. A. Sutherland, Embro, Ont., $1.00; Total	$ 11.35
Received for the cots:—Bertha Smith, Bowen Island, B.C.	1.00
Previously acknowledged for all purposes	$ 1,693.32
Total on hand Feb. 2	$ 1,705.67

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1909.

The Gospel in Samaria.

Acts viii., 14-25. Memory verses 14, 15. Read Acts viii., 4-25.

Golden Text.

The multitude gave heed with one accord unto the things that were spoken by Philip, when they heard and saw the signs which he did. Acts viii., 6.

Home Readings.

Monday, February 22.—Acts viii., 4-25.
Tuesday, February 23.—John iv., 27-42.
Wednesday, February 24.—Matt. x., 23-33.
Thursday, February 25.—Psa. lxxxix., 7-16.
Friday, February 26.—Isa. lii., 1-10.
Saturday, February 27.—I. Cor. i., 18-31.
Sunday, February 28.—Rom. i., 1-16.

FOR THE JUNIORS.

Which one of you will tell me the story that we studied last Sunday about Stephen and how he died? Do you remember the name of the young man who was watching the other men stone Stephen and who took care of their coats while they did it? Yes, his name was Saul and he hated the Christians bitterly. So did the Jewish rulers, and they gave Saul the right to go and hunt out the Christians wherever he could find them and carry them away to prison. He put so many of the Christians in prison and treated all the Christians so badly that they were forced to leave their homes in Jerusalem and go away into the country round about. Did these Christians say 'Now that we have got safely away from Saul let us keep very quiet and hide ourselves so that he won't be able to find us'? No, our lesson says that they acted just the other way; it says 'they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word.' Suppose that you boys built a great big bonfire in the field and then you saw that it was getting so big you didn't know what to do with it. You wouldn't take a rake and pull the blazing branches out and scatter them all over the field, would you? That would only make new fires start burning all around. It was something like that when the Jewish rulers started persecuting the Christians. As they drove the Christians out of the city they were just like the blazing branches drawn out of a bonfire, wherever they went they started preaching and teaching about Jesus and new Christian communities gathered round them. One of these Christians who were driven out of Jerusalem was Philip, one of the other deacons who was chosen at the same time as Stephen, and Philip went up north into a city of Samaria. What does our golden text say about how successful he was in his preaching and work for Jesus?

FOR THE SENIORS.

It seems inevitable but that the church will throughout her history continue to encounter the same difficulty that attacked the church in Samaria. There will continue to be those who will join the church from faulty motives; because they feel the emotional waves of some special services, waves that do not really enter the heart but only wash the hearer for a time off his feet; because they feel it is the 'respectable' thing to do, since others of their 'set' are church members; because it will serve as a cloak for business practices when are not all they should be; because, and this the missionaries more particularly have to contend with, there is a promise of assistance in times of need. Simon seems sincerely to have believed that Philip possessed a greater power than did he himself. If Philip claimed that this power came from faith in a certain person called Jesus who had, during His lifetime, performed similar miracles, it were well to get into line with the possibility of himself receiving this miracle working power. The whole trouble was that Simon was not convinced of sin and his heart touched by Christ's love, but rather he admitted Philip's evident superiority and his mind was convinced that if he were to retain the attention of the crowds he must do what he could to obtain a power at least equal to Philip's. He was so far sincere in his wish to join the church, as with many nominal adherents today it was a matter of reason and convenience. That kind of bond with the church visible secures no right of admission into the real Church of God. In this connection see Christ's own words in Matt. vii., 21-23. Simon doubtless would gladly have worked numerous miracles in the name of Christ in order that he himself might get the glory, but the Christian is to let his light so shine that men may see through his good works and beyond him to God (Matt. v., 16), and God is the same as ever of old, he looks not on the outward seeming but on the heart (I. Sam. xvi., 7). However, Simon's mistaken ignorance was not a sin commensurate with the deliberate attempt at deception on the part of Ananias, and although Peter recoiled with horror from Simon's words, he did not shut him out from all hopes of forgiveness (verse 22). The lesson to-day in its missionary aspect is distinctly a home mission one. Philip sought first to reach the alien people who nevertheless called his own native land their home. We in the new great lands of America have a special field for home missionary work. Do we as we go out from the warmth of our own church homes carry with us, among the alien peoples with whom we come into contact, the light of God's gospel, the fire of our zeal for His cause? The inherited Jewish prejudice against the Samaritans (John iv., 9) was overcome in the attempt to do something for them. There is really no better way to overcome such racial prejudices. The missionaries in foreign bands soon grow not only to love their charges for Christ's sake, but to respect them for themselves in spite of differences in view points on many subjects.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Good comes out of evil for the servants of God. (Verses 3, 4).

In 1859 a converted Jew was sent by the Episcopal Church of America to Shanghai as a missionary, and about twenty years later he was made Bishop of Shanghai. Six years afterwards he became paralyzed, and had to give up his episcopal jurisdiction. Till 1906 he lived almost helpless, but the use of the middle finger of each hand was left him, and with these he wrote on a typewriter a translation of the Old Testament into the Mandarin language, the chief Chinese dialect, and then the whole Bible into Easy Wenli, the more popular form of their written language. Dr. Shereschewsky was especially fitted for this work, because as a young man he had been educated in 'all the wisdom of the Jews.' Two hundred and fifty million Mandarin-speaking Chinese have been enabled by his labors to read the word of God. How much vaster a work he accomplished thus, than he could have accomplished in his duties as a bishop!

There is a Divinity that shapes our Ends.—Morrison wished to be sent as a missionary to Africa, but was sent to China; Livingstone wished to be sent to China, but was sent to Africa. 'Solemn, sedate Robert Morrison never could have won the love of the emotional Africans as Livingstone did, and Livingstone, the active worker, who hated bookmaking, never could have sat cooped up twelve hours a day deciphering Chinese.'

Verse 20. Peter's indictment is really a reproof of our generation: we men of the twentieth century have imagined too often that success is a matter of financial resource, that happiness and power can be quoted at marked rates, and that the things that are excellent are knocked off to the highest bidder.—W. H. P. Faunce.

Verse 21:—

Nae treasures, nor pleasures
Could make us happy long;
The heart ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrong.
—Burns.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

The Samaritans are now 'a single small community, numbering less than two hundred souls. They live at the base of their sacred mountain, Gerizim. They receive as their law only the first five books of the Bible.'

'At the World's Sunday School Convention, held in Jerusalem in 1904, many dramatic events marked the gathering of Christian people from many lands to the city associated with more of religious interest than ony other on earth; but the crowning incident was the coming to Jerusalem of the Samaritan high priest, who brought an official greeting from his ancient, although now feeble, sect, ending with "May the God of Israel bless you in your going out and your coming in, from this time forth and for ever. Amen."

'Perhaps no other man now living can trace his ancestry so far back as the high priest. Jerusalem has been destroyed again and again, but Mount Gerizim has maintained from the days of Nehemiah an unbroken line of priests, whose descent from Aaron is undoubted.'

Verse 4. The Broadening of the Church.—Many were set to work who would otherwise have remained comparatively useless. Going into a new church, having several small churches instead of one great one, moving from an old, thickly settled country into new regions—these things develop many a person, and reveal in him powers and characteristics that had before lain dormant. New work and new circumstances would develop new graces and new powers, and complete their Christian character. 'Instead of a short-lived, narrow sect, the church became a world-wide power for salvation.'

Verses 6 and 12. Maclaren well points out that 'the language of Luke is singularly discriminating as to the effects of the two weapons. The miracles roused attention, making the Samaritans "give heed" to messenger and message. They caused great joy, as demoniacs, palsied, and lame were healed and given back to their beloved. But it was the preaching that led the Samaritans to "believe." Miracle is "the great bell before the sermon," but the good tidings is what evokes the faith that saves.'

Verse 18. From this action of Simon his name has won an immortality of infamy, since the crime of 'Simony' is named after him, i.e., the crime of obtaining preferment or place or office in the church by purchase with money instead of being fitted for it, and seeking only to use all spiritual gifts for the good of men.

'At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay;
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking,
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.'
—Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, February 28.—Topic—Mohammed's followers in Egypt and the Holy Land. Acts iv., 12. (Missionary meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, February 22.—The sower and the seed. Matt. xiii., 3-9.

Tuesday, February 23.—A missionary call. Jer. i., 4-10.

Wednesday, February 24.—A missionary message. Isa. xl., 1-11.

Thursday, February 25.—The missionary's strength. Ezek. iii., 4-11.

Friday, February 26.—Achieving impossibilities. Ezek. 37.

Saturday, February 27.—Missionary hardships. II. Tim. ii., 1-7.

Sunday, February 28.—Topic—Home missions: Present-day pioneers. Eccl. xi., 1-4.

Letters of Queen Victoria.

These three fascinating volumes issued in popular form by direct command of His Majesty the King, should be in every school library in Canada, and in every home as far as possible. They are bound in crimson cloth, gold lettered, and contain full page illustrations.

Every loyal Briton will want a set, and we will gladly send them to any address on receipt of $1.50, and postage extra 25 cents. FOR THE SCHOOL LIBRARY it could be secured on a premium basis by sending only SEVEN genuine new subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each, subscriptions all to be in Canada, outside Montreal and suburbs.

Shall It be This?

Potatoes and salt, with a crust of bread,
For the best little woman the Lord ever made,
While the rumseller's wife feeds on turkey and wine
Bought with my money—if I so incline;
This shall it be
For mine and me?

Tatters and rags for my own little one,
My fair, comely baby, my own darling son;
While the rumseller's children go warm and well clad
On my earnings, wrested from my bonny lad;
This shall it be
For mine and me?

Well, man, do you think me a whole-eyed fool,
Blindly to serve as a rumseller's tool?
Ah! How can I hesitate which to choose,
When it's all to gain—or to lose;
For mine and me,
For mine and me?
—'Youth's Companion.'

A Broken Vow.

The Rev. Canon Hicks gave the following at a temperance meeting recently: 'Next door to me there lives a dear old woman who goes about giving the whole of her time working amongst the poor. She came to me the other day, almost with tears in her eyes, and she told me that there was a couple who live up a poor yard who had signed with her months ago to keep from the drink, and during those six months they had had uninterrupted comfort. At the corner of their yard there was one beer-shop, and two or three doors off another liquor shop. When Whitsuntide came they were tempted to take a little with their friends, who kept up the day by drinking, and they had broken their pledge. They told me when I called afterwards that they were miserable and most penitent, and I believe they were. They are signing the pledge again, but they say it will take them until Christmas to wipe off the debts they have incurred by breaking their vow.'

'Both Cheechoterlers!'

Should any fondly imagine that the Temperance party can now afford to 'take it easy,' or that their enthusiasm for licensing reform is bred of fanaticism, let such (writes a correspondent) spend a day with one of those active individuals known as London City missionaries. Their unique system of visitation brings them into touch with humanity in the rough, and it is no exaggeration to say that, morning, noon, and night, they spend more vital force in endeavoring to wean individuals from drunken habits than from any other besetment. Enter the common lodging-houses—which, in the East-end alone, accommodate some ten thousand people—and in a large majority of cases you will discover that those who have once occupied good positions in life have been shipwrecked on the old, fatal rock—drink. The other Sunday afternoon, in one of the kitchens, the missionary gave out the hymn, 'A day's march nearer Home.' After the first verse, a weary, wretched-looking man covered his face with his hands, while the tears coursed down his cheeks. He used to sing those words when he was a happy, innocent boy at home, and the memories awakened showed him his present condition in all its hideous misery. Next day, by appointment, he met the missionary, to whom he opened his heart. Once the owner of two large shops, he had speculated unwisely, started drinking, lost money, home, and happiness, and fallen to the gutter. With penitence for the past, and a trust in God for the future, the poor fellow has returned to the scene of his disgrace, and, freed from the slavery of strong drink, is now determined on winning his way to respectability and usefulness once more.

It is the same subtle foe that still undermines the character and prosperity of the working-men; consequently no quarter is shown it by the missionaries. A brotherly chat, and out comes the pledge-book! In this way thousands of men and women are every year captured from the ranks of tyrant alcohol, with a result that may well be summed up in the words of a grateful coalie's wife:—'We have had three years of happiness since you got my husband to give up the drink! Before then it was six years of misery. I had made up my mind to leave him had there not been a change, and I do not know whatever I should do if he went back to the old life again.' 'I saw this same man' (says the missionary) 'with a chubby boy in his arms, and the little one said, "Me and my daddy are both cheechoterlers!"'—'Alliance News.'

Retribution.

The favorite answer of the liquor dealer to any critic who puts the truth of present-day conditions squarely before the public is to cry 'fanaticism' or 'exaggeration to serve local political or business purposes.'

The wholesaler and the retailer of beer and whisky, who have kept their dealings always within the law, are bewildered. They see what is going on around them. They read in the journals of their trade such acknowledgments as this editorial, one in 'Beverages,' published in New York: 'We dislike to acknowledge it, but we really believe the entire business all over has overstayed its opportunity to protect itself against the onward march of prohibition. * * * Five years ago a united industry might have kept back the situation that now confronts us, but to-day it is too late.' And they wonder why. They seek some special cause for this great upheaval of antagonism.

Therein lies their error. No one thing is responsible. It is the gathering of many rivulets into a flood. It is the expression of cumulative sentiment. It is the culmination of ideas, observation, experience, and practical teachings that have been accumulating throughout past generations.

For the enlightenment of the amazed law-abiding liquor dealers, we cite for their study certain truths that are none the less true because they are builded not upon statistics, but sentiment.

And the first of these truths is that resentment for all the wrongs that have been done to millions by unscrupulous men in the past and the present is coming to a focus and is being crystallized into indiscriminating opposition to the entire class to which the wrongdoers belonged.

By prenatal influence and by admonition in babyhood, suffering women made martyrs by a husband's habit have put an abhorrence into the minds of the children who now are men.

Men who draw small wages now look back to childhood whose opportunities were restricted, remember a home that was not happy, recall times when children who had advantages that they did not, shamed them, and have no tolerant feeling toward the thing that made their father a hindrance and not a help in their life progress.

Too many men have seen old estates disappear in dissipation; too many women, gently born and reared, have been seen reduced to hard and wearying and sometimes menial toil; too many children have been buried in unflowered pine coffins for those whose hearts were stung by a personal share in such happenings to be free from prejudice against the thing that caused it all.

Men with no such mental legacy have seen the brightest and best of their schoolmates slouched of all that was good in them by one form of self-indulgence. And each time they look upon a wreck of manhood they grow bitterer against the vice that killed what might have been.

People who were maimed in accidents a dozen years ago, or who still mourn friends killed because the engineer, or pilot, or captain, or conductor, was intoxicated, are not content with the enforcement of sobriety upon all employees by the great corporations today. Their sorrow still is fresh, and while its cause exists they remain what the saloon keepers call 'fanatics.'

This is no campaign conducted by the 'North American' or any other one newspaper. It is a crusade that has been preached every day in the year by every newspaper in the land.

There is not a daily journal anywhere, however allied with the liquor trade, which has not been preaching a temperance sermon each morning by printing the facts of police court proceedings, of crimes and of criminal trials, each item founded upon the abuse of intoxicants being an unwitting sermon, all the more convincing because published without bias, without prejudice, and without consideration of political or any other aim.

The same newspapers to-day which, by reason of pay or policy, denounce local option and every other form of restriction of the liquor traffic neutralize daily the effect of their own arguments by being compelled to print the news of the crimes of the previous day.

And the men of means who buy those papers and pay for their advertising space know that the stultification of those arguments lies in their own knowledge that they grant credit to sober men in preference to drinkers, and choose their clerks by the same rule, and class their accounts as 'good' or 'doubtful' largely in accordance with the drinking habits of the debtor.

Had the league of brewers and distillers and saloon men of the better class offered the reforms they now commend, ten years or less ago, they would have appealed strongly to all practical men. Their proffer meets with scant consideration now. They speak too late.

They might have prevented the mixing of the acid of sentiment with the sawdust and glycerin of business. They chose to wait until the explosive was formed and the fuse lighted. If they do not enjoy the fireworks it is their own fault.

It is because the law of retribution is inexorable, and because for every wrong done to one's fellow man someone must pay, even if that wrong run unpunished 'unto the third or fourth generation,' that the American saloon must pass. — Philadelphia 'North American.'

Be Good, and do Good.

An old Scottish minister ended a sermon on a speculative theological topic with the words: —'However that may be, be good and do good, and good will come of it.'

A Rare Chance.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES EASILY EARNED.

It would be hard to overestimate the beautiful stereoscopic views of the Keystone View Company that we are offering our subscribers on such a liberal basis—72 splendid views of the Quebec Tercentenary to choose from. A full list sent on receipt of a post card mentioning this advt. in the 'Messenger.'

REMEMBER! You only have this offer for a limited time, and you could not buy these pictures anywhere at less than $2.00 a dozen. They are worth some effort and will be a life-long source of satisfaction and entertainment. They are something 'wholly different.'

OUR OFFER.

You can get half a dozen of these beautiful views in return for only four genuine NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' your own not to be counted, and all subscriptions to be for Canada (outside Montreal and suburbs), or for one of the countries mentioned on page 15. Send us the subscriptions and we will forward you a list of the groups of Tercentenary stereographs to choose from.

ONE OF THE GROUPS.

(Watch for another next week.)

GROUP C.

(13) London (7th) Fusiliers in Military Parade.
(14) Royal N. W. Mounted Police in Military Parade.
(15) Ottawa (43rd) Regiment in Military Parade.
(16) 48th Highlanders, Toronto, in Military Parade.
(17) Hussars in Military Parade.
(18) Ontario Infantry Detachments in Military Parade.

Send the money to us by money order, postal note or registered letter.

Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing an . sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by six, printed in purple and white and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

All our new members for this week come either from Ontario or Quebec. Ontario now has more members in the R. L. of K. than has any one of the other provinces in the Dominion, but all are well represented and our league has grown very strong in numbers. The new members are:—R. Stinchcombe, M., Ont.; G. L. Salton, O., Ont.; Wilfred Alquire, O. C., Ont.; Marion Jean Dick, P. S., Ont.; Gladys Hunt, R., P.Que.; Harry Sehram, D., P.Que., and Clarence Lymburner, D., P.Que.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm and I would like to join your Royal League of Kindness. I am a little girl eleven years old. I have four brothers, but no sisters. I have a pet cat I call Tom, and a pet pigeon named Dicky. I go to school every day and am in the third book.

BESSIE H. TAYLOR.

[You forgot about sending the answer to your riddle, Bessie, so we could not publish it. Ed.]

N.P. Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. I have two sisters and one brother. I have a canary bird, a bamtam rooster, four cats and one dog. The scenery is very pretty here. I live between two pinnacles, one larger than the other. Well, I will close with a riddle: Spell expediency with five letters.

ZULA M. D.

C. C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a little squirrel that comes in the summer into our front yard. I am going to look for him again when summer comes. I have five uncles, three of them live in Montreal, and I have two little cousins away out in California. We sent them the 'Messenger' to read. I have over a mile to go to school but I try to go every day, though it is awfully cold. We have a nice library at our school and I like to read the funny stories in the books and look at the pictures. I have a pair of two-runner skates, but I think they are only baby skates, so I am going to skate on the one-runner.

HAROLD BARNEWALL (aged 7).

B.G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a letter to the children's page, as I have never written before. I like your paper very much. My sister has taken it for about four years. I am twelve years old and in the Sr. IV Class. I have three sisters and one brother, and we live on a farm of ninety-four acres. I must close as this is my first letter.

EVA RAYMER.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Flag.' Willie Breakwell, G., Ont.
2. 'Sambo.' Norman Ward (aged 10), H., Ont.
3. 'Pulman Sleeper.' James Kennedy, Ottawa.
4. 'Goose.' L. H. C. (aged 9), T., Ont.
5. 'Drawing.' Kathleen Kaye (aged 11), T. G., N.S.
6. 'A Saddled Horse.' Basil Colpitts (aged 11), F. G., N.B.
7. 'The British Flag.' Harold A. Robinson, R., N.S.
8. 'Goose.' Nolan A. Rupert, N. L., Ont.
9. 'At Home.' William J. G. Mathewson (aged 11), A., Sask.
10. 'Boat.' Arleigh Randall (aged 8), H., Ont.
11. 'Plant.' Lorne C. Frith (aged 9), M., Ont.
12. 'Acanthus Leaf.' Verbena Scott (aged 12), P., Ont.
13. 'A Rose.' Lloyd E. Mollins, R. G., N.B.
14. 'Dandy.' Herbert Masales (aged 13), A., Ont.
15. 'My Doll.' Clara B. Jamieson (aged 12), H., Ont.
16. 'Bunny.' Ena J. Cross (aged 8), S. D., Que.
17. 'A Mug.' Edna Clarkson (aged 8), W., Ont.
18. 'A Little Girl.' Lizzie M. Andrews (aged 12), W. R., P.E.I.
19. 'A Sail Boat.' Anders Schaur, C., N.B.

OTHER LETTERS.

Irene Trafford, D., Ont., has 'two little kittens, which I have lots of fun with. My father has a camera. He takes quite a few pictures.'

Elva B. LeGrand, P. W., P.Que., is only ten years old, but has seven little brothers and sisters younger. 'As for pets,' she writes, 'I have not any, for my time is taken up with my lessons and helping mamma with my little baby sister.' Elva is evidently mother's little right hand girl.

Verbena Scott, P., Ont., said the catechism last summer and got a diploma. Your riddle has been asked before, Verbena.

James Kennedy, Ottawa, says 'I received a Robert Rakes diploma and a red seal for attending Sunday School for two years. I only missed one Sunday, and then I was sick.'

Percy Devenny, W., Ont., got a new pair of hockey skates. 'We went skating in the afternoon and the wind was very strong.'

Walter Mitchell, B. C., Ont., is 'a little boy from Scotland. I like Canada very well. It is very cold in winter, but we have lots of fun at school, coasting and skating.' Your riddle has been asked before, Walter.

Minnie Hadley, E., Alta., is one of our regular correspondents. She says that around her new home in the West 'there is just enough snow now for nice sleighing, and it has been nice and warm for some days.'

Minalda Oswald, C., Ont., gives an answer to one riddle asked, but it is not correct. Your riddle, Minalda, has been asked before.

Goldie Talbot, C. C., N.S., says 'when the snow is deep papa drives my sister and brother and me, for we are two miles from the school.' Goldie asks 'what country in Europe would you use on the griddle before cooking pancakes?' The answer you send in, Goldie, is not correct.

Zaidee T. Horsfall, A. R., N.S., is 'a farmer's daughter seven years old. 'My father has a large barn built at the foot of a hill and he drives on to the roof and unloads the hay through hatches.'

Myrtle Sider, N. D., Ont., writes 'I have two hens of my own, one white and one gray. I can tell the gray hen's eggs from the rest, and I sell them and get the money.'

Tom McInnes, S., Man., says he has 'a black cat named Snowball.'

Mary McLeese, B. B., N.B., writes 'I received my Royal League of Kindness pin and think it very pretty. My father is a fisherman and is away a great deal.'

Mabel E. McGee, B. B., N.B., also says 'I received the R. L. of K. badge and pledge card, and thank you very much for them.' Mabel answers Florence P.'s riddle (Jan. 29)—Joseph.

Wallace Leitch, S., Ont., writes to say he is 'having lots of fun learning to skate.' Wallace answers Cora M. Wilkinson's riddle (Jan. 22)—To get the pepper out.

Evelyne Webster, A., B.C., says 'we are having a very hard winter this year. We live in a valley. The Harrison Hot Springs are just five miles away. It is very pretty in summer. We often drive out and stay for a meal.

Ruth Niven, P., Man., likes the stories in the 'Messenger' 'but I wish they were twice as long.' You sent no answers with your riddles, Ruth, so we had to keep to our rule and not publish the riddles.

Lauer, and Ruby May Rumbelow, M., Ont., both 'help papa get the eggs.' Their big brother, Charlie, also writes sending a riddle, but it has been asked before.

We also received short letters from Clara B. Jamieson, H., Ont.; Vera M. Dickson, C., B.C.; Agnes Greene, L., Ont.; Elva Morgan, M., Ont.; A. Ruth Howat, B., P.E.I.; Hilda I. Jersey, who gave no address, and Adelene England, L. J., Ont.

ECLIPSES THEM ALL.

We have made some very liberal offers indeed to our host of 'Pictorial' boys all over Canada, but the one we are now making certainly eclipses all. We have offered prizes for largest sales—and one boy would get the prize—and deserve it; but there would be many who would do almost as well, yet get only their regular premiums. This time we have a bonus open to every boy. Boys in smaller places may have to work two or perhaps three months to get it, but anybody in a town of, say, 1,500 people, could earn it THIS MONTH, by selling the splendid Carnival Number of the 'Canadian Pictorial'—15 cents a copy of the OFFICIAL SOUVENIR of the Montreal Carnival. This an EXTRA over and above all your usual premiums or commissions, and EVERY boy can get it. Write this very day for full particulars, and an order sheet, etc. No time to lose. Everyone wants a Carnival Number. Read the advertisements about it elsewhere in this issue.

Address, John Dougall & Son, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Ben's Bank.

(By Barbara Griffiths.)

It isn't on the mantelpiece,
  Nor made of painted tin;
It hasn't any fancy slot
  To drop the pennies in—
Oh, no! Ben's bank is different;
  It holds a richer store
That grows in value every year,
  And yields its owner more.

Benny began to fill his bank
  When he was very small;
He never cried at knocks or bumps
  Or whimpered at a fall,
And so he laid up, every day,
  Some coins of courage there,
Till now, if he has need of it,
  There's plenty and to spare.

Then Benny learned to store up truth,
  Obedience, justice, too.
And generosity—dear me,
  How his deposits grew!
Year after year, the sums enlarged,
  A bank account indeed,
Which Benny draws upon at will
  Whenever he has need.

So, when our Benny is a man,
  He will be good and true,
Generous and just to every one,
  Courageous through and through.
His bank will never break, but still
  With wealth his life endow.
Have you a bank like Benny's? No?
  Well, why not start one now?

Knew What She Wanted.

I once owned a black cat, which I called Nigg. She did a good many smart things, and this is one of them. I was sitting with my sewing-machine before me, and a chair stood at my left with a basketful of stockings standing on it. I had four spools of thread on the machine at my right, and I was using thread from one of them.

Nigg climbed over the chair where the basket stood and from there onto the machine. She walked to the right end of the machine where the four spools of thread were, singled out the one I was using, took it, jumped down, and played with it.

I went after the thread and set it on another part of the machine so that it was hidden. She came back, hunted until she found the same spool of thread, and took it the second time.

I offered her one of the other spools and rolled it on the floor for her, and she would not touch it. I took the thread from her the second time, and hid it in the basket of stockings underneath. She came the third time, looked all over the machine, and then went to the basket of stockings and hunted. She began to paw the stockings as a dog will do, and worked until she found that spool of thread and took it away to play with. How did she know which spool I was using?—'C. E. World.'

Elizabeth's Awakening.

(Blanche McNeal, in the 'Home Herald.')

Elizabeth had been attending the January revival meetings, and they had set her to realizing that there really was something more in the world than just going to school and having a good time—there was work to do. Mr. Hunter had said, to be sure, that it was necessary for us to have some fun—yes, plenty of fun—but we must work, too.

Somehow the word 'work' went vibrating to Elizabeth's very soul and she began to quizz herself. She confessed she knew very little. 'Everything at home is always in order; Sarah attends to that; my clothes and fixings mother buys when I need them, and, as for doing anything for father, he is most always away from home and too busy to be bothered.' She remembered the minister's text, 'Not to be ministered unto but to minister,' and it was repeating itself over and over, each time making more plain to her the selfishness of her own life.

'O, I do want to do something, but where shall I go to begin, and what shall I do? If I go to Mr. Hunter, he will tell me about the missionaries, and mother would never listen to my going, for she is planning a very different career for me—I am to be a society belle, and my coming-out party is being talked about already.' It made her shiver to think of it, now that life promised other things. Several days had passed since Elizabeth had resolved to do something, and she was like a tiny boat tossing on the open sea.

'Good-bye, girls,' she called to a merry group of companions; 'I'm going cross-lots today; will see you in the morning.'

'What on earth!' exclaimed Janet. 'Who would go through Brown street when they could walk down the avenue all the way? Elizabeth, you're crazy!'

Elizabeth tossed them a laugh, swung her books over her shoulder and took the short-cut in spite of the girls. She wasn't anxious to get home sooner and she loved those happy school companions, but for once she wanted to be by herself.

She turned into Brown street, a poor neighborhood the like of which is often found in our cities under the very wing of wealth. She had gone there several times before to get a woman to help with some extra cleaning, but she was not thinking of the street, the poor, nor the woman; she was thinking of the meetings. She longed for something to do, some means of expression to satisfy the ringing of that text, 'Not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' She was startled by a baby's cry—long, loud.

'Dear me, I wonder what is the matter?'

Near the window of a small unpainted cottage sat a woman, a tired, anxious mother who had been rocking a sick baby for hours. She was faint and almost ready to cry herself, but she rocked on. Elizabeth stopped, and, scarcely before she realized, her hand was on the knob and she stood in the doorway.

'Is your baby sick?' Then she recognized the woman who had helped clean. 'Why, Mrs. Owen, what is the matter?'

'Oh, Jamie is sick. I've been up all night and I guess I'm tired some.'

'Yes, yes; you need to rest. Won't you let me hold Jamie for awhile—just to see if I really can, you know? Never did hold a real baby in my life—just dolls.' Elizabeth dropped her books and held out her arms for Jamie.

'"Well" now, would you "think!" Miss Elizabeth wantin' to hold the baby. Sure you can take him, for I "am" tired.' And Mrs. Owen threw herself on the bed as Elizabeth began rocking.

She looked about the bare, almost comfortless room, and thought about her own home. She never knew or realized before how many beautiful things some people have and how very few others possess. Everything was quiet—Mrs. Owen asleep, Jamie drowsing off and the clock ticking, ticking. Now and then she hummed softly and thought of the girls—would they laugh if they could see her? Indeed, I think she laughed a little at herself, for it seemed funny to think of Elizabeth Ellison's doing a thing like this.

Jamie's weary little eyes closed and, yes, he was asleep after hours of tossing and fretting, his flushed, tear-stained cheek on Elizabeth's arm. She wondered what to do with him. If she got up she might waken the mother and Jamie, too, so she held him till her arms ached. The room darkened and the shabby furniture disappeared in the shadows.

'It must be nearly supper time,' she thought, for the street lights were burning and the people hurrying by. There was a step outside and a quick turn of the knob. Someone was in the room. 'Mother, mother! Sh-sh!' but Mrs. Owen was up with a jump.

'Well, bless me, if I haven't 'a' been sleepin'! And Jamie? Why, Miss Elizabeth, you've been holdin' him all this time? You poor child!' Mrs. Owen gently lifted sleeping Jamie from Elizabeth's arms and laid him on the bed, and then she sat down in the shadowy corner, threw her apron over her head and cried like a child.

'Just to think—I went to sleep and left you a holdin' him!'

'Now, that's all right,' said Elizabeth; 'I could have laid him down, but I didn't know exactly how or where, for, you see, I never held a real baby before, and I liked to, so don't cry.'

'Well, you are a dear, for the doctor says, "Get him to sleep; that's what he needs," and to think you did it!'

'I am very glad I did. Now I must hurry home, for mother will be anxious.' And as Elizabeth closed that weather-beaten door behind her she felt happier than ever before in her life.

All the way home Mr. Hunter's text rang in her heart, 'Not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' and now she knew the sweetness of its message. She did not have to wait to become a missionary; there was work to do right on Brown street, on other streets and, perhaps—yes, perhaps, in her own home.

And Elizabeth did find work to do, and it was not very long before the other girls were wanting to do as she did. Their carriages took the little ones for rides in the park, and sometimes the mothers, too, would go.

Flowers, books, fruits and clothing from these girls found their way into Brown street and mothers' burdens were made lighter, because it is better and sweeter to 'minister' than to be ministered 'unto.'

The Two Apple Trees.

(Clara J. Denton, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate.')

'I have been looking at these two trees, boys,' said Mr. Moore one bright Saturday morning, 'and as there seems to be about the same amount of apples on each one, I have decided that if you want to gather and market them for yourselves you may do so.'

'And have the money for ourselves?' they asked eagerly, and in unison.

'Yes, and you may also take old Billy and the light waggon to draw them to town this afternoon.'

Before he had ceased speaking John, the elder boy, had begun to climb one of the trees, and Mr. Moore without further comment walked away.

The other boy also walked away, but in a different direction.

John meanwhile secured a good foothold in the center of the tree, was giving it a vigorous shaking, which sent the apples to the ground in showers.

Presently the brother returned carrying a ladder and a basket.

'O, ho,' cried John, 'you don't mean to say that you intend to pick those apples off the tree? This is the way to do it,' and he gave his tree another energetic shaking. 'Why, don't you know?' he went on, 'if you stop to pick those apples off it will take you all day long.'

'Can't help it,' was the answer; that is

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SPECIAL TERMS

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the way they are coming off, and the only way.'

'But, you'll not be ready to go with them to town this afternoon.'

'Then I'll go some other afternoon.'

'But, you can't stay out of school.'

'I can be excused Monday at noon. Don't worry, I'll find some way to get my apples to market, and they'll bring me a good price when they do get there.'

John continued his protestations, but his brother persisted in doing his work in his own way. Therefore, it was nearly sundown and John had been gone several hours when the brother took the last apple from the tree.

When John returned from town soon after he jingled his coins in his hands merrily, and asked with a laugh:

'Don't you wish you had some?'

'How much did you get a bushel,' asked his brother.

'Thirty-five cents,' said John.

A few moments later when they entered the barn together where the brother's apples were carefully bestowed in baskets, John exclaimed:

'What in the world did you do to those apples? They look as if they had been polished.'

'Oh, just a cloth and a little rubbing did the job,' was the answer.

'Who would believe that the trees which bore those apples and John's were exactly alike?' said Mr. Moore, coming into the barn at this moment.

John looked grave.

'But, what's the use of all that trouble? They'll not bring you any more,' he said scornfully.

'Wait and see' said the brother.

On Monday evening, when the younger brother returned from the village he counted out his money, and he had received just double the amount that John had been paid for his apples.

'I didn't know,' said John, 'that taking a little trouble would make so great a difference about the very same thing.'

An African Cripple.

We were much interested in a man we found in a kraal where we went to hold service. The place is among the hills, some distance from the road, and out of the reach of school and church.

We found him to be crippled in one foot, and hopelessly ill, though not suffering intensely. He was very glad to see us. He noticed we carried a Testament, and asked to take it. He opened it and began to move his lips, as if spelling out the words. Miss Hance said, 'I wish you could read it, it would be such a comfort to you in your sickness.' His face brightened, and he held the book longingly in both hands for a moment or two, then said, with great emphasis, 'I can read it all.'

We thought that impossible in a kraal with only heathen around him. How could he learn to read. Miss Hance said, 'Oh, you went to school when you were a boy.'

He replied: 'I went a month, then my parents took me out to work. I did not pay any attention to what little I learned until I was sick, then I wanted to learn, and tried to remember the letters, and when anyone passed who could read, I asked them about this one and that one. A Christian man gave me a Testament and I kept on trying in this way until I learned to read.' He read several chapters for us with beautiful expression.

He has also learned to write all the alphabet in the same way, except the letter 'v.' This he asked us to write for him.

With the reading of the Word, God sent His Spirit, changing him from a heathen, 'altogether bad,' as he says himself, to a truly converted man, as it seems to us. His one thought is Jesus; his great desire, to know the way of life. He says he is glad God shut him in that he might be saved. 'For I had been going wrong all the time, and after I was sick I saw the way of the world is narrow—it comes to nothing—but the way of God grows broader and broader.' He is so happy in his trust his whole face beams with joy. In a heathen hut with evil all around him, and ignorant himself, he is a wonderful example of what God's Spirit can do for those who are shut away from earthly help.—'Life and Light.'

A Scotchman's Unknown Wealth.

There is a grim story told of a poor Scotchwoman who went to her pastor in her extremity, and told him of her poverty. He kindly asked her if she had no friend or member of her family who could support or help her, and she said she had a son, a bonny lad, but he was in India, in the service of the Government. 'But does he not write to you?'

'Oh, yes; he often writes me, and sends the kindest letters, and such pretty pictures in them. But I am too proud to tell him how poor I am, and, of course, I have not expected him to send me money.' 'Would you mind showing me some of the pictures?' said the minister. And so Janet went to her Bible, and brought out from between the leaves a great number of Bank of England notes, laid away with the greatest care. 'These,' she said, 'are the pictures.' The minister smiled, and said, 'Janet, you are richer than I am. These are bank-notes; and every one of them might have been turned into money, and you have had all your needs supplied. You have had a fortune in your Bible without knowing it.'—Few people can expect to find bank-notes in their Bibles, but if we 'search diligently,' we shall find something of infinitely greater value, even the title-deeds to eternal life through Christ (James ii., 5.)

The One-talented Girl.

(By M. A. Bullock, in the 'Children's Visitor.')

'I wish I had a million dollars,' sighed Marion.

Her father glanced from his paper to the sweet, flushed face. He laid down his paper. 'What would you do if you had a million dollars?'

'I've been reading about Miss Helen Gould and the good she has done. I would build an orphan's home and educate poor children,' she answered.

'Marion, have you ever read the parable of the ten talents?'

'Why, yes, father.'

'Who did the most good?'

'The one with the most talents, of course. He had something to do with,' answered Marion.

'What did the man with the one talent do?'

'Hid it.'

'That is true to-day. The men with money are doing much good. Most of them, like Miss Gould, have nobly done their part, and the men with one talent look on, envy and let their own talent rust,' the father earnestly said.

Marion was sixteen, and an earnest, thoughtful girl. 'You mean,' she began, and then hesitated.

'Just what I say, Marion. You are wishing for a million dollars. If you had it, you would educate the poor. Last night Mrs. Brewster brought your mother's dress home. You were in the parlor at the piano. Little Mamie ran to the door and eagerly drank in every note. The poor mother sighed and wished she could afford to give the child lessons. You have been studying music under splendid teachers for six years. Are you hiding your talent, Marion?'

'I have been, papa, but I am going to dig it up this very day,' she answered. She patted him tenderly on the head and left the room.

Mrs. Brewster was at the sewing machine, and Mamie sat before her, and was moving her hands as if at a piano. There was a low knock at the door, and Mrs. Brewster looked around. 'Come in, Miss Marion. Mamie, give Miss Marion that chair. She has been playing that table is a piano ever since she heard you playing last night.'

'Does she love music?'

'O, yes. She can play a little by ear, and doesn't know anything about music,' the mother answered. And then Marion heard a little sigh.

'Will you let me give her lessons?' asked Marion.

'I'd like to Miss Marion, but I can't spare the money.'

'O, I don't mean that way, I want to give her the lessons without any money?' cried Marion. 'I've studied music for six years, and I think I can teach her.'

Tears came into the widow's eyes. 'You don't know what that means to us, Miss Marion. I want Mamie to have every advantage, and God will bless you. I can't thank you enough. Mamie, do you hear? Miss Marion is going to give you lessons.'

Marion slipped out as quickly as possible. Thanks always embarrassed her. There were to be sacrifices, she soon found. She must miss walks with her girl friends. Sometimes she didn't feel well; but she persevered, and little Mamie learned fast.

Marion's girl friends were surprised when she began teaching Mamie. They knew her father's income did not require her aid.

Finally Stella Lawton, Marion's closest friend, found out the secret from the little dressmaker. She told the other girls. 'And Marion never said a word about its being free.'

When they spoke to Marion about it, she quietly told of the talk she had had with her father.

Premiums! Premiums!!

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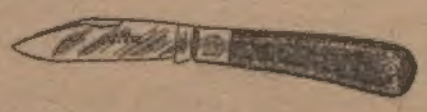

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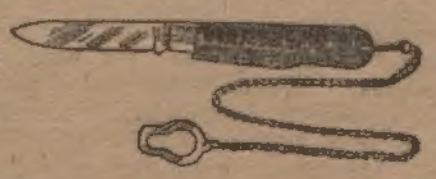

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I've been wondering what I could do. I don't even know what my one talent is,' sighed Stella.

'There is your elocution training, Stella. Granny Wilson would be so glad if you would read to her. Your articulation is so clear that she could understand you well. You see, since father opened my eyes I have seen opportunities I didn't see before,' Marion answered.

'What can I do?' questioned Bessie Morris.

Marion thought for a minute. 'When I had pneumonia last winter mother said she would feel safe when she left you with me. You could help nurse the little child at Mrs. Baker's.'

Bessie's clear laugh rang out. 'I've been thinking, too, I sat up there last night,' she answered.

Marion's father came in the gate and straight across the lawn to the girls. 'What are you magpies chattering about?' he asked.

They told him.

'I haven't decided yet, Mr. Blair. What can I do?' asked Grace Russell.

'If I had your beautiful voice, I could find what to do, Grace. The children at the Orphan's Home need training, and any lonely home would be brightened when you had sung some sweet song. There are many places where a beautiful voice may be used. Mother is calling me, I must go; but let me say, dear girls, that you are gathering sheaves for the great harvest. Every good deed or kind word spoken, or, I might say, every talent spent, lifts your own and some other heart closer to God,' he said gently.

The Spider's Strength.

The strength of some of the spiders which build their webs in trees and other places in Central America is astounding. One of them had in captivity in a tree there not long ago a wild canary.

The ends of the wings, the tail and the feet of the bird were bound together by some sticky substance to which were attached the threads of the spider, which was slowly but surely drawing up the bird by an ingenious arrangement.

The bird, says 'Home Notes,' hung head downward, and was so securely bound with little threads that it could not struggle and would soon have been a prey to its great, ugly captor if it had not been rescued.

The 'Gallant Middy.'

'For I'm the gallant middy!' A boyish voice shouted uproariously this line from a naval chorus, as its owner descended the stairs of an English country house, clearing the last five steps at one leap. He alighted in a broad hall, which had quaint suits of armor ranged along its sides. Here he gave a triumphant whoop and caper, and repeated his line,—'Oh, I'm still the gallant middy, lads!'

The singer was only sixteen, but a man in enthusiasm. Two hearers listened to him with smiles that struggled to continue smiles, but ended involuntarily in tears. They were Caleb Jeffars, a coachman, who eight years before had mounted this boy, Richard Chumley Wainwright, upon his first pony; and a blue-eyed woman, seated in a pretty bedroom, marking the 'middy's' name upon his outfit —the 'middy's' mother.

As for the singer himself, his heart ached, as any hero's might; for in twenty hours more he must quit mother and home, and sail away to far China in the 'Flamer,' an English war-ship.

He had been in training for the British navy as a cadet, and had just passed the final examination which made him a little officer, a 'gallant middy' or midshipman.

The summer day on which he was to leave dawned with brilliant clearness for the majestic 'Flamer,' as she lay near the naval pier at Portsmouth. When the time for parting drew nigh, young Wainwright's mother took his hand in hers, and laid her arms tenderly about his shoulders. 'Chum,' she said; 'Chum, my own dear boy, I would feel more desolate at your going if you had not got the wish of your heart in entering the navy. But oh, I long that you may be a pattern sailor, pure-minded, generous, and gentle! I know you won't fail in bravery. When you are on deck by day or night, let the grandeur of the sea and sky make God seem near to you, and drive all mean and evil thoughts away. Be true to God, and you will never be false to your duty or your fellow-men. I shall indeed be proud of my "gallant middy" if he tries to live in God's fear and love.'

And Chum answered quietly, 'I'll try, mother.'

Time rolled on, until blue-eyed Mrs. Wainwright was grey-haired, and Chum was no longer a 'gallant middy,' but a first lieutenant. When he gained this rank, he was put in command of Her Majesty's gunboat 'Firefly,' and very pleased he was with the post. He had a crew of brave tars under him, who greatly admired their commander; but the most devoted of all was the youngest and least important of the band. This was a mere lad, a son of Chumley's old friend Jeffars the coachman, who hoped in due time to become an able seaman, and was preparing for it by acting as the lieutenant's cabin-boy. Rob Jeffars found that he had a very kind master, and consequently he was a happy

sailor laddie, who sang and whistled like a bird, and threw dull care to the breezes that made music in the 'Firefly's' rigging.

But, alas! there dawned one dreary morning when his spirits were crushed. His lips were white, and a sweat of pain and fear lay like ice upon his forehead. A terrible gale had suddenly overtaken the gunboat not far from English shores. It continued to rage, until Lieutenant Wainwright groaned with anxiety lest his first command should come to a mournful end, and his fine crew perish in watery graves. During the storm, while the 'Firefly' was driven by merciless winds and great waves swept her decks, Rob Jeffars fell headlong down the saloon stairs, and fractured his knee. He was laid in a berth, and at first received careful attention; but as the tempest increased, it was found that the gunboat was leaking badly. Then an order was given that every man on board should work at the pumps, and in the desperate labor which ensued the injured lad was forgotten.

No one remembered him even when Lieutenant Wainwright at last ordered his crew to lower the boats and endeavor to escape in them. The command was quickly obeyed. First the lifeboat was launched, and filled with wearied sailors, who succeeded in getting safely away from the sinking craft. A second company likewise escaped. Then the third and 'last' of the 'Firefly's' boats was got afloat.

She too rapidly filled, until there remained only one place in her, reserved for the sorrow-stricken commander, the last man to leave his doomed deck. With a pang through his brave heart, he had his hands and feet already upon the rope-ladder, preparing to descend, when a piteous cry startled him, and he lifted his head to see the cabin-boy, Rob Jeffars, who had just dragged himself from the berth where he lay.

Now came a terrible moment.

'Don't mind the youngster, captain!' yelled a sailor from the swaying boat below. 'Your life is worth more than his, and two would swamp us. Be quick, for we can't hold on another minute!'

But already Lieutenant Wainwright had lifted Rob carefully and placed him on the slippery ropes. He waited till the boy dropped safely into the boat. Then his clear voice rang out firmly above all the tumult of the storm,—

'Pull away, lads, and God go with you!'

Not a man of his crew would have been guilty of this. They would have gone to the bottom with him rather than leave him to die alone. But a mighty wave suddenly swept the boat to leeward, baffling every attempt to return, and he for whom his mother had fondly prayed that he might be a pattern sailor, looked at the raging sea and leaden sky with these words in his mind: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'

Yes, the 'gallant middy' proved himself a

hero. But there are other heroes too, who live in white cottages scattered along the English shores. These are the bold coast-guards. From one of their stations they had seen the signals of distress sent off from the 'Firefly' before she was abandoned, and had put to sea to help her crew. They arrived in time to pick up Lieutenant Wainwright, who had cast himself into the waves with a bare possibility that his strong arms and a cork belt might keep him afloat until assistance came.

He had been ready to give his life for his friends if duty demanded it; but God spared him to complete his noble career, and to become increasingly the pride of his mother and an honor to the flag he served, until the 'middy' was in due time an admiral of the red.—'Children's Treasury.'

The Adoption of Old Joe.

(Ernest Gilmore, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

The woods were on one side and the mountains on the other of old Joe's cabin home. Ah, it was a weird and lonesome place to live, but the old man loved it. He had come here to live 'after de wah,' he and his wife, Phyllis. Here it was that he and Phyllis had lived joyously together and here she had died and 'gone to glory,' as she would have told you.

His only daughter, Chloe, had been born here and from here she had gone out (on her seventeenth birthday) with her young husband, Caesar Augustus Willing. Old Joe had never seen her since.

Before and behind the cabin there came sunlight every pleasant day. The mountains and the woods could not keep the sun from saying 'good morning' and 'good night' to the lonely occupant of the old moss-covered cabin.

The cabin door faced the east; from it old Joe could see the wondrous beauty of sunrise. Into the window in the rear flashed the glow of sunset.

Old Joe lived near to Nature's heart. He loved all the seasons, but Spring and Summer best. For years, after the labors of the day were over, he had sat in his old arm chair at the cabin door, watching in Springtime the beauty of the silent, sweet making of Nature's new garment, sprinkled with waking violets. He had watched, too, the gradual merging of Spring into the glorious beauty of midsummer with its wonderful skies and golden fields, its wealth of bloom, drinking in meanwhile the balmy, fragrant air with keen enjoyment.

Often as he rested by the cabin door he sang old plantation songs, accompanying these with melodious strains from an ancient fiddle that he had brought 'up Norf from way down Souf.'

But when I introduce old Joe to you his work days were over.

'De rheumatiz done got mah laigs,' he said to himself and to his dog Lige; 't'ank the Lawd it ain't got mah ole black han's.'

As for his 'ole black han's,' the 'rheumatiz' did have a grip on them, but it did not completely disable them, consequently the fiddle and the bow were still in evidence.

It was a sad day when the old man discovered that he could not take his regular semi-weekly walk to the village, a mile away, and a sadder one when he found out that he could not work in the field any more. A big lump that was even harder to endure than the 'rheumatiz' lay heavily on his chest and seemed to choke him.

'I dunno jes how I'se gwine ter get along ef I cayant wuk any moah,' he wailed; 'but what cayant be cured must be endured.' Then, the poor old face brightening, 'but de Lawd is massiful en kin'. I kin trust him.'

And so, trusting the Lord and doing the best he could, the days of old Joe passed on. He groped around, attending to his own wants, each day it being more difficult to do so.

'I'se gettin' awful lonesome fo' Phyllis,' he moaned, his lips quivering, 'awful lonesome; it's a mighty long time sence I saw Phyllis. An' I wondah whar Chloe stays all dese long yeahs—dese long yeahs. I spec' she mus' hev forgot her ole daddy by dis time. But I neber t'ought dat Chloe'd forget her ole daddy. I wish she hadn't.'

He took his old fiddle and groped his way out of doors. He laid the fiddle down carefully on a bench and sat in his old arm chair. He was not watching the golden grain that evening. He did not even hear the sweet good night song of a sleepy wild bird. He was living over bygone days 'way down in ole Kaintucky' and Phyllis was with him.

Oh, those mind pictures! There was 'massa's' old mansion, low, rambling, shining white with blooming creepers. The negro quarters. The great columns covered among the green, its pickaninnies. He walked with Phyllis through the lush blue grass and amidst the clover. He stood with her beside the fence of wild plum and persimmon. The pictures grew more distinct as he meditated. The smell of woods through the mist of years; the mistletoe; the tangled vines of many colors; the luxuriant bloom of a catalpa with the bees around it; the magnolia woods! Each and all of these were connected in his mind with Phyllis. Ah, the old 'Kaintucky' home! The old mansion 'whar massa lived and died'; the dear old log cabin in which he and Phyllis began married life together 'jes befo' de wah'; the wild turkey shooting; the deer hunt with young massa! Old Joe's heart would have been heavier than it was now had he known that the dear old Kentucky home was blotted from the face of the earth and that on that (to him) sacred ground were great barns devoted to cattle raising.

In 'ole massa's home' the latch string was always out. No caller, no visitor, whether friend or stranger, failed to receive a welcome.

'Deah ole miss!' he said to himself at thought of her ever present goodness.

He sat there in the gloaming in this reminiscent mood until day had deepened into night. Then he reached out for the old violin and lifted it up gently as if it had been a little child. His old, bent, lame hands fingered it fondly and then there came a melody, weird but beautiful, as if voicing his yearning thoughts of the dear ones gone. He was oblivious of his surroundings at this moment. He was living entirely in the past. He had no thought that anyone was listening to the old violin, but away down the old roadway two boys, spinning along on wheels, stopped to listen and admire.

'Who is it?' asked one in surprise to hear such music in such an out-of-the-way place.

'Oh, that's old Joe. He's an old colored man who has lived in a cabin somewhere around here for years.'

'I see, I see. Hush!'

The second speaker put up one hand, begging silence. He, too, was a violin player and extremely fond of music, but such playing as he now heard was beyond him.

The two boys got off their wheels and sat down by the wayside. Neither spoke. For a little while the music continued and then abruptly ceased. The boys looked at each other questioningly. The one who could play the violin was the first to speak. His voice seemed husky:

'That old man is a genius,' he said, 'and I'm sure he's in trouble. I can tell by the way he's been playing. Come on, Hal; let's go on and find out if he needs us.'

Hal Ford was the son of a farmer nearby, the other boy being his cousin, Ned Hill, from the city, two miles distant, who had come to the Ford farmhouse for a short visit. When Ned said, 'Let's go on and find out if he needs us,' he and Hal jumped on their wheels and raced on to old Joe's cabin. It was indeed as Ned had surmised. Old Joe needed them. They found him with the beloved violin grasped tightly in one hand, clinging to the door post with the other.

'Mah laigs seem to hev give out,' he replied to their questioning; 'I cayant seem to get in de do'.'

The boys helped him in and to bed.

'De good Lawd must hev sent you,' he ejaculated as he fell back on his bed with a grateful sigh and a faint smile. 'De mis'ry in mah laigs made 'em stiff an' stumblin' like, but de good Lawd is massiful an' kin'; he sent you.'

He smiled upon the ministering boys in such a way that it brought tears to the eyes of the tender-hearted Ned, who felt as if he had received a benediction.

The old clock on a shelf in the corner struck nine.

'We'd better be going home,' said Hal; 'mother'll be worrying.'

'Then you'd better go,' was Ned's answer; 'I'm going to stay here to-night. Do you want me, old Joe?'

'Eh?' said the old man, his eyes brightening; 'want you? Course I does, but you musn't stay. You must go—go home.'

Ned, however, in the goodness of his heart, stayed. When old Joe fell asleep Ned laid down on an old lounge and slept, too. He was roused by the old man talking in his sleep. 'Phyllis' and 'Chloe' were the names oftenest on his lips. At dawn he wanted to get up and Ned helped him dress and go to his old arm chair.

'I wondah whar Chloe is,' said old Joe rather feebly.

'Tell me about her,' begged Ned. 'Do you want her?'

So old Joe told the story of how Chloe went away years ago with Caesar Augustus Willing 'an' neber come home.'

'Truth is stranger than fiction,' it is said, and a strange thing happened then. Ned jumped on his wheel and raced to the village, where he boarded the trolley and was whirled away to the city.

'Mother, he said, 'I've come for Chloe. You'll spare her, won't you?' and he told all he had seen and all Hal had told him of old Joe.

'But, Ned, dear, our Chloe isn't old Joe's daughter, you know,' she expostulated.

'Perhaps old Joe won't know, mother. He is failing, I can see that, and Chloe may comfort him.'

'All right,' said his mother; 'let Chloe go if she will, bless your kind heart!'

Before another night closed in Chloe, a kind-hearted, sunny-faced girl, was with old Joe, who was failing steadily, mind and body. At sight of her he fairly trembled with joy.

'Chloe,' he cried out, 'mah honey chile!'

His own Chloe had been in the other world for years, but he had not known—no need to tell him now. He was peacefully happy now that 'at las' Chloe had come to see her pore ole daddy who loved her so.' As for this Chloe whom Ned had brought, she ministered unto him as gently and lovingly as if he had been her own father.

Days passed on until there was nearly a week gone, days of great joy even amidst his pain and weakness, and then there came a night when, with one hand fast clasped in Chloe's, he passed on to the New Jerusalem. A light for a brief moment brightened his face as he opened his eyes and called out faintly but with joyful cadence, 'Phyllis! oh, mah honey!'

And then the light faded out of the old face and all was still. He was with Phyllis and Chloe and all was well.

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There Little Girl, Don't Cry!

(By Eugene Field.)

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your teaset blue,
And your playhouse, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But the childish troubles will soon pass by;
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by;
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But heaven holds all for which you sigh;
There! little girl; don't cry!

School is out! Hear them shout,—
Every lass and laddie gay!
Winter comes with frozen thumbs,
But his heart is warm as May.
Blooms no more the field or moor;
Summer's roses all are dead.
Dead?—ah, no! See where they glow
In the children's cheeks instead.
JOSEPHINE BRUCE.

—The 'Congregationalist and Christian World.'

'Seven Times Nine.'

'Sixty-three! Can't you remember that?' 'Yes, Miss Flint. I can remember it, but I forgot where it goes.'

'Stupid! After nine times seven, of course. Now, tell me how much is seven times nine?'

'I—don't know.'

'Well, we'll make it so that you will know. You can have only bread-and-water for supper to-night. And you must eat it alone in your room. I'm sorry, but—'

The child spoke quickly. 'O, don't tell me that! I can bear the bread-and-water part, but when you go on and say you're sorry, why—'

A hand came sharply against the flushed little cheek. 'Well, then! I'm not sorry for that! And you'll not get even the bread-and-water. Go to your room! See if you can remember how much seven times nine is!'

Up in her miserable room Gertrude said the number over and over: 'Seven times nine is sixty-three. Why is it sixty-three? O, dear! I'll never know anything.' From under their wet lids the blue eyes looked out over the garden, on into the one beyond, where they saw, walking slowly about, with its head bent, a tall figure. Beside it stalked a great tabby, rubbing up against the velvet dressing-grown and looking up toward the bent head. Presently the tabby was taken up and carried about, and smoothed all down her glossy back.

'It's the great German professor. He knows everthing 'bout 'rithmetic. Nobody can stick him on the mult'pl'cation table! He's so very wise! I wonder why he studies mult'pl'cation tables. Must be 'cause he's queer. Only queer people can bear figures. Miss Flint, now. But she's hateful. And that's different. The professor isn't or the cat wouldn't like him so much. It must be a great secret he knows. 'Bout figures and things. Wish he'd teach it to me.' The little head drooped on the folded arms. 'He never remembers anything but his figures. So people say. Forgets to eat; to go to church; to go home from church when it's out, and—and anything. I don't wonder. When anybody fills his remembery full of figures, there—isn't—room—for—anything—else—for anything else—to go—in—' The blue eyes were shut. The minutes went by.

But a hungry small stomach will not let its owner sleep too long. Gertrude wakened and looked about. It was dark outside, but the hall light made it so that she could see about her room. Then she remembered. 'Sixty-three, sixty-three. Now, which was it?—seven times nine, or nine times seven? O, both!' Away across the gardens twinkled a pleasant light. It came from the professor's study. Every evening it shone there. And once, when Gertrude was ill, it burned all night. Did people never sleep, who were queer enough to like figures? But the professor was kind. His garden loved him. And the housekeeper had talked with Gertrude, through the gate between the gardens. O, yes he was very kind. They loved him greatly. They had lived with him many years. And the tabby, too. Maybe if he could know how very badly a poor little girl wanted to know her multiplication table he might tell the secret of those terrible figures. Slowly Gertrude arose, slipped on her coat and cap, and stole silently down the back stairs and into the garden without being seen. It was the work of a minute to unlatch the gate. Gertrude left it open, in case the things they had said of his kindness might not be true.

Up the gravel walk, she went, on to the door where she felt about for a bell, then not finding one, rapped with her tiny knuckles. Nobody came to let her in. Again she tapped, louder and louder. Somebody was coming. The door opened. There stood the professor. 'Well, what is it, little one? Couldn't you find Gretchen?'

Tabby sprang down to rub herself against Gertrude's short skirt. 'I—I didn't try to find her. I—I wanted you?'

'M-e! And what would you do with me?'

'I want you to tell me how to remember my mult'pl'cation table. It's most killing me!'

'Why, poor child! Come in! Who sent you? How did you come?'

Seated on the edge of a great chair, Gertrude grew bolder. 'I'm the not-happiest little girl you ever saw. All 'cause I'm stupid.'

'Stupid in what?'

'Everything. But more stupid 'bout figures. Now, s'pose you can tell, 'thout thinking, just how much nine times seven is?'

The professor smiled. 'I think so.'

'And just how much seven times nine is?'

'Yes, even that.'

'Well, why are they both sixty-three?'

'Poor child! And you don't know! Who teaches you?'

'Miss Flint. She's the governess of my cousins. So they have her teach me, too. 'Cause I'm having to live there—there, since—my papa—'

'Yes, yes, little one. But this Miss Flint—doesn't she tell you why seven times nine is sixty-three; and why nine times seven cannot be anything else but sixty-three, also?'

'I don't s'pose she knows. Prob'l she thinks somebody just made it up that way and it had to be.' Gertrude sighed. 'But I know most of the endings. Only—only some of them get mixed in my membery.' The big tabby sprang into the chair, back of Gertrude and rubbed her head into the short curls, and purred with all her might. 'That's why I came over here.' The professor was smiling. The lamplight falling on the little group touched his German heart. Gertrude grew brave. 'I—I've come to get your secret 'bout figures!' There! the truth is out!

'O! In this country of women, there's a little one after my professorship! Well, well!' He nearly laughed aloud. Then, growing sober because of the earnestness of the little face before him. 'Would you be willing to have me teach you in place of Miss Stone?'

'Miss Flint. O, will you?'

'I might try. What time do you have arithmetic?'

'At 3. Everyday but Saturday.'

'Well, suppose I send Gretchen with a note to your aunt, asking her to let you come back with her for an hour. Then you'll learn the secret of figures—how truthful they are, and how faithful. See, I am writing down that it must be done. And I pin it here, so as not to forget. Gretchen!' he called to a woman that was moving about in the hall, 'here is a little visitor. We must refresh her with something. Shall it be a glass of milk? What do you have at night, little one?'

'Bread-and-water was what I would have had to-night, if I hadn't talked back to Miss Flint. So I didn't have that.'

'What! no supper?' And, as the small head shook sadly, 'Then, Gretchen, bring a slice of cold chicken with the bread-and-butter; and the glass of milk.'

So Gertrude had her supper after all. And the next day the household was surprised when the note arrived. 'You go, Angela!' said the aunt. 'The professor never'll know the difference. Gertrude needn't have that honor.'

'Please, madam,' interrupted Gretchen, 'the professor doctor will be very angry if you do not send the one he asked for.'

So it had to be Gertrude, after all. And on the great study table she saw a pile of bright new pennies. 'Now, we shall learn that figures must come out in their own true way, little one. The multiplication table goes only to twelve. It could go farther, but after you learn so much the rest will be easy. Which tables trouble you most?'

All of 'em are bad, but nines are the worst.'

'Well nine times one is nine, isn't it?'—just nine ones? Pick out nine pennies and lay them in a row across the top of this large sheet of paper. That is it. Now take a pencil and write 'nine times one equals nine' at the side of your row of pennies. That's it. What comes next? Yes, nine times two. So count out another nine pennies. Then you'll have two nines. Lay them below the others. So you have nine twos, haven't you? And nine times two is—yes, eighteen. And two times nine is—yes, eighteen, also. It is only counting it the other way. Now, write down 'nine times two equals eighteen.' That's good!' So they went on, very slowly, in order that the little mind should not become confused until the troublesome number came. 'And what is next? Yes, nine times seven. Count out another nine. Add them to the others, in the lines. How many have you? Sixty-three? Yes, of course. And you know why, don't you? Yes, yes; to be sure it is jolly. And now, how much is seven times nine? Just count the rows that run the other way. Then you'll know without having Miss Stone—'

'Miss Flint, professor, please.'

'So, so, Flint is even harder. Well, she doesn't have to tell you it is so, does she? Are you getting to understand for yourself why nine times seven must be the same as seven times nine? That it is using the same numbers the other way? that there are factors—parts of a large number?'

'Why, why, to be sure!' cried Gertrude, with glowing cheeks.

Then the professor mixed them all up again. 'Now make nine rows with seven in them. See if it doesn't come out all the same. See how true and how faithful figures are!'

'Sixty-three every time! Sixty-three both ways!' cried Gertrude. 'How beautiful!'

'And how faithful! Now I'm going to send for you every day. I'll take my play spell while you work at figures. Do you want it to be so?'

Gertrude's eyes grew full. 'Oh, you are quite beautiful!' she cried very low. And the professor almost blushed.—The 'Christian Advocate.'

Howard and the Policeman.

Howard is a little boy five years old. He has big blue eyes, which can look very innocent when he has been naughty. And he is not very fond of policemen; in fact, he is very much afraid of them.

One afternoon in spring Howard's mother told his sister Dora to take him for a walk, so they both could get the air. As she had not told them where to go, Dora decided upon Wood Island, a sort of park in the outskirts of the city. On the way they met a friend of Dora's, Beth Hamilton, and, as she had nothing in particular to do, she consented to go with them.

The air was balmy, and as the children walked along, they chatted merrily. The two girls could talk so much faster than Howard that the little fellow could not get in a word edgewise. So he did not enjoy the walk as much as the girls did.

On the way to the park the children had to cross a railroad track. When they reached this place, they found that an engine was puffing to and fro right where they wanted to cross. It was not until they were pretty well frightened and about fifteen minutes had passed that they at last got across.

'My! but wasn't that a narrow escape?' said Dora, in a frightened voice.

'O, lots of worse things have happened,' replied her friend, trying to look unconcerned, although her face was rather white. 'Why,' said she, 'a girl came here once with me, and a man chased us all the way home.' Dora and Howard looked over their shoulders, half expecting to see a man running after them. Even when she saw no one following, Dora involuntarily quickened her pace, and they finally reached the park safe and sound.

In the park was a sort of out-door gymnasium. Near this was an out-building and a place to get rubbers checked while one was skating.

When the children neared this part of the park, Dora said, 'Beth, do you know on which days the gym is open for girls?' But Beth's answer was cut short by Howard's frightened cry, 'Look, Dora, here comes a policeman!' and he got behind his sister. As she was rather thin, she was not very much protection to fat little Howard. But he clung to her skirts for dear life. As the policeman drew near, Howard poked his head under Dora's arm and gazed with fascinated terror at him. The policeman walked slowly past, totally unconscious of the sensation he was causing. Howard was very much surprised as well as relieved when the man passed out of sight without touching him.

After Dora and Beth had stopped laughing over Howard's fright, Beth said she did not know when the gym was open, but offered to inquire of the old woman who stayed in the out-building. She had been gone four or five minutes on this errand, and Howard was watching the sailboats in the harbor, when another policeman came up the path behind him. It was too late to dive behind his sister, so he shut his eyes in silent despair, when—'Hello, my little man!' said a cheery voice. Howard opened his blue eyes wide. It was the policeman who had spoken. The big man chucked the little man under the chin and walked on.

That was the end of Howard's fear of policemen. He walked on air for the rest of the day, for the policeman had called him a 'little man.'—'Christian Register.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Coming to Time.

It is very easy to do just what we feel like doing, but it doesn't happen every day that we feel like doing what must be done. Of a cold morning, if the sun wouldn't rise at the regular time or if we could fold our hands and sleep a little longer; if Monday didn't come relentlessly every week with washtub and wringer; if the mending could be postponed just as well as not; what sighs of relief would be uttered by weary mortals! We delight philosophically and abstractly in order, in regularity, in system, in knowing to an hour and a minute just how things ought to be and are to be; but to live up to this same system requires no little crucifixion of self. So often it happens that when we are called on by occasion and circumstances and duty to do our very best, a sleepless night, an unwise dinner, an unwelcome mood, makes us utterly incapable of doing our best, and all that is left us is to do the best we can, and feel most uncomfortably, that if this thing and that had only been different we might have done a great deal better.

But the true way of being able to come to time is to do it in spite of all obstacles. To disregard inclination, preference, feeling, mood, capability even, and when we are called on to do, to go ahead and do bravely, fearlessly, courageously, without any thought or consciousness of self, but with the single aim to make the best show we can, for the time indifferent to results. It is self-consciousness that oftens robs us of success, and that is more in our way than circumstances, or ability or want of knowledge. So when we have to come to time, if we can cease to think whether or not we are ready, or in the mood, or circumstances favor, but simply give all our thought to the one duty required, an infinite amount of pain and annoyance and trouble will be saved us.

There are those whose lives are so adjusted that slight irregularities have no power to disturb them, and they move along their orbits planet-like and their position in the social heavens can always be calculated on. One of the most eminent professional men has for thirty years walked in one unvarying routine. A clock that strikes only at the hour of seven calls him from bed; breakfast is served when the clock strikes eight; till noon he is in his office; from that time to six he is on the street; at six he dines; till midnight he is in his study. So invariable and perfect is this routine that sickness and circumstances have no power to change it. He is always ready for the duty of the hour and can be depended on with as much certainty as the town clock or the rise of the tide. It is not possible for all persons to establish a routine like this, but the nearer it is approached the more one can accomplish and the more certainty there is that what is done will be well done. We are learning that even the weather, that symbol of changeableness, is governed by fixed and unalterable laws, and the sooner we can put a rein upon our various intellectual, moral and physical powers, and bring them into a subjection to law, the sooner we shall be in harmony with all the universe and always ready to come to time.

All large things are made up of small ones. The noble lives we read of were lived one day, one hour, one minute at a time. Their completeness as a whole is the result of the completeness of each part. Abraham Lincoln was at one time a rail-splitter; he split his rails well; afterward he was postmaster in a little backwoods place; he kept his accounts straight. When he was President he did the work required of him then in precisely the same conscientious spirit with which he split the rails and kept his post office accounts. George Washington was a surveyor. The country was new, and unsettled in great part; his work was full of danger, of difficulties, of hardships, of exposure, of perplexity, but he brought to bear upon each day's round of toil the exercise of his best faculties, and did his work well for the sake of doing it well. This was his ruling motive. When later in life questions of the highest importance were given him to resolve, he was no more diligent or persevering or faithful in his work than when he was a simple surveyor.

Faithfulness over a few things is followed by rule over many things. Many boys and girls who are so eager to grasp in the present the far results of toil, must be content to climb and climb, one step at a time, to conquer the territory around them first and thus continually to enlarge their dominion. The attempt to reverse the natural order is futile. Until we can live days at once, instead of one moment at a time, we must be content to make our lives noble by a multitude of small actions nobly done, rather than by one grand act of nobility. The complaint is often made, and with reason, that incessant attention to small things narrows the mind and dwarfs the higher faculties. But when small things are done from a high motive, they cease to be small. To adjust the two intellectual forces—the centripetal narrowing the range of faculty, and the centrifugal enlarging it beyond due bonds—it is a difficult matter; but it can be done. We are to 'render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.' Using this as a balance wheel, we shall keep the two forces within due limits. It is very well understood that the study of the law and the technicalities of legal practice sharpen and narrow the intellectual faculties; yet our finest lawyers are men of the widest and most varied culture. This is far from being accidental; it is rather the direct results of a deliberate and persevering endeavor to broaden and heighten the range of the intellect by the study of branches outside the law, and thus to counteract the narrowing effect of legal studies.

Just this endeavor must the house-keeper make, or gradually she will sink into an automatic drudge. While she is darning stockings and ironing clothes and dusting furniture, her thoughts may be occupied with far higher topics than these petty household details, and every day she should insist on giving this as one of the little duties that cannot be neglected. God counts hairs, yet He weighs the hills in scales, and holds the sea in the hollow of His hand. It is for us in our small way to imitate Him, and while we see to it that small matters are duly attended to, larger ones should not be neglected. Many a mother gives herself entirely to meeting the present wants of her family, and permits her mind to become so narrowed by attention to petty detail, that she is incapable of meeting those large intellectual and spiritual demands her children will make on her when they are grown. She must be mother to them no less when they are little children, and if while she rocks them in the cradle, and attends to all the small wants of childhood, she also reaches intellectually to the time when they will be equals and companions, and makes provision for that period, she will find that the little duties may be lifted into largeness by being associated with those that in their nature lay hold on immortality.—The 'Educational Record.'

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Pointed Wit.

In one of the elevated trains of Greater New York the other day three gentlemen were engaged in conversation. They did not seem to be concerned as to how many in the car should hear them. They talked loudly enough for those nearest them to hear distinctly.

One of them, and the inference was that they were brewers from their conversation, said to his two friends: 'We have got to get hold of the papers if we are ever going to head off this temperance Prohibition wave. We will also have to organize among ourselves (that is, the brewers) to reform the saloon.'

One of the other two, who seemed to be somewhat of a wit, said, in a humorous tone:

'Jack, I am thinking about starting a society to reform hell. Won't you join me?'—'National Advocate.'

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..HOUSEHOLD..

The Victory of Struggle.

(Patterson Du Bois, in 'Beckonings From Little Hands.'

(Concluded.)

Having repeated his 'Now I lay me,' my boy was about to rise, when I told him again, in a low voice, that God would help him as He would help us all—for I was particular to impress upon him that being as human and helpless as he, I spoke from practical experience. 'Suppose you say, "Help me to do right,"' I said. He was silent. I waited a few moments, and still there was no response.

'Can't you just say, "Help me to do right"?' I asked in as sympathetic a tone as I could command. Another pause, and still no response. I put my hand on his head, toyed with his hair, spoke his name familiarly, and still—he was silent. I bent over, bringing my face nearer to his, and said in a lower tone, 'Can't you say it?'

'No,' he answered, in a stifled voice.

'Very well,' I continued, 'if you can't, you had better rise.' But I found that neither could he rise.

Putting my hands under his arms, I attempted to lift him to his feet; but he clung to my knees, and forced his face back again into my lap. This taught me something. He had said that he could not, and yet he was unwilling to give it up. More than that, I had had something of a revelation of the tremendous struggle that had been going on in that soul; for in lifting him I caught a glimpse of his face. It was flushed to fiery redness, and the perspiration stood in beads from his forehead to his throat. Was he stubborn? No; for he was fighting on my side, and not against me. Apparently he had made up his mind to stay there until the flesh should succumb to the spirit. Was he disobedient? No! for he was working toward the result, and for it, as fast as he could.

But such victories are not won in a flash, such results are not obtained without cost. The struggling and fighting to overcome his natural reticence in spiritual things, was at an expenditure of nerve force which, directed in some other way, might have gained him the applause of the world for heroic accomplishment. But how often do children hear the world's 'Well done!' for such a secret struggle as this? Indeed, it was evident that the petition, 'Help me to do right,' had ascended in burning thoughts, if not in formal words; for already God was helping him to do right in just this thing. The very heat of the fierce struggle was in itself the evidence that the prayer was answered even before it was uttered. The struggle was the strongest kind of an expression of prayer, and God knew that long before I did.

Once again I attempted to raise him from my knees, and still he clung to them with a life-and-death grip. I could feel the waxing heat of his face, of his whole body. I could not but see in him the truest of heroes. Yet my heart went out to him in deepest pity. Here was mental distress, heart-anguish, such as few men or women experience, or at least do not experience without the world's touch of sympathy. But for a child—!

I bent my head again to his, put my mouth to his ear, and whispered, 'Just whisper it—very low; God can hear it.' I lifted him easily, put my arms around him, drew his face close against mine, and waited, and—still there was no response. In a more familiar yet serious way, I said again, 'Very low, now,' and, with one final struggle, I heard him say, 'Help!' It was very, very low, almost inaudible, but just as good as, and better than, a loud voice that had come without effort.

He had indeed struggled victoriously. That simple petition came easy to him ever after; but he never spoke it without seeming to be impressed with its peculiarly serious import. The victory of accomplishment, however, was not half so much to me—nor to him—as was the victory of struggle—the true conquest of self, that shows itself in the determination to fight one's way through. Should I have reprimanded him at first for a refusal to speak when I had asked him? No! He had not refused; he had begun to comply at once. Another child might easily have spoken the petition, and, perhaps, easily forgotten it. But I would rather see him wrestling in real prayer, than merely repeating the form of prayer without the wrestling.

And now, on looking back to that evening hour when my child and I were alone together, I can see how, in my danger of misunderstanding him, and so of causing 'one of these little ones to stumble,' I was permitted to catch a fresh glimpse into the soul-life of childhood. I saw prayer in the struggle to pray, and I learned how such a struggle itself is prayer. I gained a new view of the spirit of obedience.

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Religious News.

Says the Rev. Charles Stelzle in the 'Sunday School Times':

In ten months' time five entire States banished their saloons. Three had already done so, with the result that about one-sixth of the States are now 'dry.'

On January 1, 1909, there will go into effect prohibitory legislation covering an area, together with that already in force in this district, of a solid block 320 miles north and south by 720 miles east and west, so that one may travel from the Mississippi to the Atlantic Ocean, and from the boundary of Tennessee to the Gulf of Mexico, without seeing a legalized saloon. Great Britain and Ireland could be set down over this space, with 10,000 square miles of 'dry' territory left as a border. Whereas a decade ago 6,000,000 persons in this country lived in 'no license' territory, now 38,000,000 live in 'no saloon' districts. The saloon has been abolished by law in two-thirds of all the territory of the United States.

In estimating the Japanese in Corea, it is fairer to judge Japan by men like Ito, Kiuchi, Megato, Watanabe and Sata rather than by the camp-follower element—resembling the carpet-bag Northerners that invaded the South at the close of the Civil War—that came over in the wake of the army, and must, like the carpet-baggers, prove a vanishing feature in the relations of the two countries.

The policies inaugurated by the residency-general in Corea have been of the most beneficial character to the Corean people. The penal code is in process of revision, and modern and enlightened laws are being introduced into the land. Schools—industrial, agricultural and literary—are being established. Large commercial enterprises are being inaugurated. Communication is being opened up through improved roads, and all the lines of policy followed by enlightened governments are being gradually introduced to the Corean people through the initiative of the residency-general. These policies can not reach full fruition in the course of a few months. Years must be allowed for the real achievement that will come from them, and we are disposed to wait for the result of Japanese policies in Corea, rather than to condemn her in wholesale.—'Christian Advocate.'

A toiler of the Christian and Missionary Alliance reports:—

'The most striking conversion at one station was that of a lad, eighteen years of age, the nephew of a military official. Although thus connected with an official of rank, the young man freely and boldly confessed Christ as his personal Saviour, and there is reason to believe that his testimony will be the means by which others of his class will be led to Christ. One of the converts at Wuchow took a position as Chinese cook on a steamer plying between that city and Hong Kong. The class of men employed on these boats is such that he found a strong "anti-Jesus" atmosphere in which to let his light shine. He said: "These people just vie with one another to see who can invent the best plan to provoke me to anger. They want to see a Christian lose his temper, and so have this to say against the Jesus doctrine. Only a few days ago I overheard several of them talking together (they not knowing that I was listening to their conversation). They were saying: 'It is truly strange that we can not make this Jesus-man angry.' Well, it is not I, but Jesus and His grace that keeps me for His glory."'

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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In answering advertisements in the 'Northern Messenger' subscribers will please the advertisers by stating that they saw their advertisement in the 'Messenger.'

Household Hints.

The candles for your entertainment will burn slowly and steadily through the evening if they are kept on the ice all day.

The cloths used in waxing floors or polishing furniture should be kept in a covered crock as long as clean, then, instead of letting them accumulate in closet or store room, burn them immediately, since vegetable oils are so liable to spontaneous combustion.

Pickle bottles and jars that smell of onions will be quite sweet and odorless after being left out of doors for three or four days filled with sand or garden mold.

Frequent washing with soap will dim the surface of a mirror. The occasional use of alcohol is recommended, but for frequent washing, damp newspaper with a polishing with chamois skin will keep mirrors and table glassware in good condition.

To break a glass jar or bottle quite evenly, soak a piece of string in turpentine, and tie it round the glass just where you wish the break to come. Then fill the glass or bottle up to that point with cold water, and set fire to the string. The glass will snap all along the heated line. By breaking off the top of a broken or cracked decanter it may, if the base be intact, be converted into a useful sugar basin or fruit dish.

Why throw away the water in which macaroni is boiled? It is rich in gluten, nutritious, and adds to the value of other food. It may be turned into the soup stock; it may, while still boiling hot, be used to scald the flour with which you are about to set your sponge for bread; or it may, with the addition of more hot water, be used to wash calicoes in place of soap, to which some housewives say it is superior for this purpose.

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2714.—Ladies' one-piece corset-cover, with or without peplum especially desirable for flouncings.—This pretty corset-cover may also be developed in thin cambric, Persian lawn, nainsook, batiste, China silk or any material on that order. Six sizes, 32 to 42.

2739.—Misses' and girls' sack apron, with high or low neck and long sleeves or oversleeves.—This useful model for school or morning wear, is developed to its best advantage in checked or plaid gingham, plain or figured linen, Indian-head cotton or chambray, and if desired, the collar and cuffs may be developed in a contrasting material and shade from the rest of the garment. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years.

2737.—Childs' dress, in princess style and with long or short sleeves.—This dainty little model may be developed in chambray or colored linen for every-day wear, or in batiste, Persian lawn, or nainsook for best wear, the yoke and panel being hand-embroidered with white mercerized cotton. Four sizes, ½ to 5 years.

2731.—Girls' wrapper.—This is a simple and becoming little model developed in French flannel, albatross, cashmere, plain or flowered challis, or lawn, according to what season of the year it is to be worn. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years.

2709.—Ladies' combination corset-cover, drawers and short petticoat.—This dainty model is developed to advantage in nainsook, thin cambric, Lonsdale muslin, batiste, jaconet or China silk, the latter material being worn at the present time. Seven sizes, 32 to 44.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

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Tailored to order. Beautiful Dress Skirts, $3 to $9; Shirt Waist Suits, $1.75 to $12. Send to-day for cloth samples and new style book. They are free. SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO. London, Can.

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SEND $1 Receive 5 Wool Remnants, suitable for Boys' knee pants up to 11 years. Give age, and we will cut pants free; add 25 cents for postage. N. SOUTHCOTT & CO., 23 Coote Block, London, Ont.

NOTICE.

Application will be made at the next Session of the Legislature of Quebec, respecting the will of the late Margaret Ewing, widow of William Galt, of Montreal, to confirm certain Titles granted thereunder, and to make other provisions in regard thereto.

Montreal, December 28th, 1908.

LIGHTHALL & HARWOOD.
Attorneys for Applicants.

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